

A Z  
LYRIC ODE,

ON THE  
BIRTH  
OF <sup>K</sup> *George IV., King of Great Britain and Ireland*  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE  
PRINCE of WALES.

WRITTEN in AUGUST 1762.

*A. Q.* Published by particular Desire.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for C. BATHURST, opposite St. Dunstan's-Church,  
Fleet-Street, M,DCC.LXIII,

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A

# LYRIC CODE, &c.

## I. 1.

**I**N her darkling Cell, unseen,  
 Stung by Disappointments keen,  
 Only to Misfortune known,  
 Penfive sat the MUSE alone:  
 The trembling Tear stood frequent in her Eye;  
 And from her joyless Breast uprose the heaving Sigh.

## II. 2.

FOR, when she aim'd her Voice to raise,  
 And sing Mankind her Care;  
 Sordid, they heard her sorr'wing Lays,  
 Or spurn'd her to Despair:  
 Among them all no gen'rous Hand was found  
 To pour salubrious Balm, and heal a Heart-felt Wound.

## III. 3.

FROM roseate Morn, till closing Day,  
 To Midnight Horrors gave the Sway,  
 With Fear and Fate oppress'd,  
 Thick lab'ring in her Bosom 'rose  
 Alternate intermingling Woes,  
 And " robb'd her Soul of Rest :"  
 Hope, half extinct, as hast'ning to Decay,  
 Shot feebly thro' the Gloom a quiv'ring dubious Ray.

[ iv ]

IV. 4.

WHEN, sudden! shone around  
Increasing Beams of Light,  
Quick piercing thro' the dark Profound  
Superlatively bright!  
Sounds, distant and uncertain, fill'd the Skies,  
Celestial Forms, descending, glanc'd before her Eyes.

V. 5.

PAUSING on the solemn Scene,  
While contemplative she stood,  
Voices from the bright Serene  
Seem'd to whisper thro' the Wood:  
Smote was the MUSE with Rapture and Amaze!  
Beheld with solemn Awe, then downward turn'd her Gaze.

VI. 6.

AH, whence? she said (while kindling Joys  
Illum'd her Breast, and tun'd her Voice)  
On what Behest? with what Intent,  
Is this mysterious Vision sent?  
Not, as of Yore, fantastic, void, and vain,  
Pregnant with seeming Bliss, but bearing real Pain!

VII. 7.

WHEN, lo! beyond the rest,  
In Dignity supreme,  
Bright as æthereal Flame!  
A shining Cherub came,  
And gently touch'd her Breast:  
(His golden Tresses to the Gales display'd,  
With spangl'd crimson Vest and Robe of Light array'd.

VIII. 8.

A STARRY Crown adorn'd his Head,  
Passing in Lustre to behold;  
A Mantle o'er his Shoulders spread  
Of Tyrian Azure ting'd with Gold:  
A splendid Zone was girt about his Waist,  
And, negligently near, a silver Harp was plac'd.)



## IX. 9.

I COME, he said, to harmonize thy Voice,  
 And bid revive thy long neglected Lyre;  
 This *happy Day* ev'n GODS themselves rejoice,  
 THIS DAY—illustrious GEORGE becomes a Sire!  
 Awake! arise! and join the warbling Throng;  
 To universal Joy united Lays belong.

## X. 10.

HE *said!* then, gay Myriads resplendently fair,  
 Of Order celestial, appear'd in the Air:  
 As onward advancing they hasten'd their Way,  
 The Hemisphere lighten'd! and—Flooded the Day!  
 With ten-fold Lustre seem'd the Sun to shine,  
 As purified his Rays with Lustre more divine.

## XI. 11.

HIS Harp each *Seraph* sounded  
 To hail BRITANNIA's King;  
 The Welkin wide resounded,  
 The Stars began to ring!  
 Vocal the Wood, responsive grew the Plain,  
 And Hill and Flood, rejoicing, caught th' inspiring Strain.

## XII. 12.

WHILE, upon the glad Occasion,  
 Hymning to their Harps they sung,  
 Instantaneous Inspiration,  
 Sympathetic, seiz'd her Tongue;  
 Re-kindling Raptures thro' her Bosom ran,  
 (Prophetically fir'd) and thus the MUSE began:

## XIII. 1.

IN the Annals fair of *Fame*,  
 Dignified with GEORGE's Name,  
 Stand, superior to the rest,  
 This auspicious *Day* confest!  
 Let loud and long th' acclaiming PÆAN soar;  
 Extend from Sea to Sea, rebound from Shore to Shore!

FROM

## XIV. 2.

FROM Age to Age till Order end,  
 And Earth no more shall be,  
 Let GEORGE and CHARLOTTE's Race descend  
 To bless Posterity !  
 Like GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, let them fix their Throne,  
 Not on their Subjects *Fears*, but in their *Hearts* alone.

## XV. 3.

LET *Slav'ry* stern, in *France* and *Spain*,  
 Exert her Scourge, and clank her Chain,  
 Insultingly severe.  
 BRITANNIA's happier Isles confess  
 Her PATRIOT KINGS, who, born to bless,  
 Like vernal Suns appear !  
 No Pow'r despotic, tyrannizing, reigns,  
 But sweetly-smiling FREEDOM cheers, and charms her  
 Swains.

## XVI. 4.

FORTH from the Womb of Time  
 Shall countless Millions rise,  
 And hail *this* Day with Hymn sublime,  
 Up-soaring to the Skies !  
 BRITANNIA's latest Sons with Pride shall own  
 Their *Liberties* secure in GEORGE's Line alone.

## XVII. 5.

BACKWARD, into Ages past,  
 If the MUSE direct her Eye ;  
 Forward with enquiring Haste,  
 Tho' she ken Futurity ;  
 Nor here she sees, nor thence can she divine,  
 O, ALBION, favour'd high ! a happier *State* than thine.

## XVIII. 6.

O, PRINCE ! to rule these Realms design'd,  
 Let Wisdom form thy tender Mind !  
 While GEORGE and CHARLOTTE joy to see  
 Their Parent-Virtues bloom in thee.  
 And, when the *Sceptre* dignifies thy Hand,  
 Extensive tho' thy *Sway* ! be—GENTLE thy *Command*.

L A T E

## XIX. 7.

LATE may'st thou, *Royal Boy*,  
 Thy *Father's* Throne ascend,  
 Thy NATIVE Realms defend,  
 As *Patriot* and as *Friend*,  
 A pow'rful Nation's Joy!  
 If thine be War, be thine thy *Father's* Care,  
 Reluctant lift thy Sword, and vanquish but to spare!

## XX. 8.

WHILE recent Glories, rising round,  
 Their complicated Lustre shed,  
 As NOW, shall *then*, with Conquest crown'd,  
 BRITANNIA lift her awful Head:  
 Their ancient Honours, with'ring in *her* Rays,  
 Shall sinking *Empires* see, and sicken at the Blaze!

## XXI. 9.

As NOW (emerging from her Waves) shall view  
 Her Navy-guarded Isle with conscious Pride;  
 Her Sons of Fame, a formidable Few,  
 Shall see, triumphant! o'er all Ocean ride;  
 Bearing from Pole to Pole their *Sovereign's* Sway,  
 While VICT'RY, clad in Thunder, bids the World obey!

## XXII. 10.

WHAT multiplied Blessings on ALBION descend!  
 Whose *Princes* protect her, whose Subjects defend:  
 Illustrious in War shall their Laurels increase,  
 Till our languishing Enemies humble to *Peace*:  
 Then, Arts from Arms, from Conquest Wealth shall spring,  
 And SCIENCE, born of Heav'n, extend her Lore-fraught  
 Wing.

## XXIII. 11.

SUPREME in Situation  
 How BRITAIN stands rever'd,  
 When *Kings* adorn the Nation,  
 By faithless Tyrants fear'd!  
 As erst our EDWARDS and our HENRIES 'rose,  
 Arise our GEORGES now, and crush the Hydra-Foet.



XXIV. 12.

By their Deeds, enroll'd in Story,  
 (British Honour to sustain,  
 Friend of Virtue, form'd for Glory)  
 SON OF ENGLAND! learn to reign,  
 Finish'd for Arms, tho' haply on thy Throne,  
 Shall bloom in Peace the Wreaths thy warring Fathers  
 won.

F I N I S.





